Bloudie thou art, bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I saie Amen to all.
King. Staie Maddam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no moe sonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They shalbe praying nunnes not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, roiall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her maners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
King Wrong not her birth, she is of roiall bloud.
Qu. To saue her life, ile saie she is not so.
King Her life is onlie safest in hir birth.
Qu. And onlie in that safetie died her brothers.
King Lo at their births good stars were opposite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.
King All vnauoided is the doome of destinie.
Qu. True when auoided grace makes destinie,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
King Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good,
King The aduancement of your children mightie Ladie.
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor?

Canst

Canst thou demise to anie child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie soule,
Thou drown the sadd remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnes,
Last longer telling then thy kindnes doe.
King. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my harts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Saie then, who dost thou meane shal be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queen, who should be else?
Qu. What thou?
King I euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?
Qu. How canst thou wooe her?
King That would I learne of you.
As one that are best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?
King Madam with al my hart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie she wil weepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercher steept in Rutlands bloud,
And bid her drie her weeping eies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou madst awaie her Vncle Clarence,
Her Vncle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Madst quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie

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